

*C. L. H. Mather*

P O R T R A I T S,  
C H A R A C T E R S, P U R S U I T S,  
A N D  
A M U S E M E N T S  
O F T H E  
P r e s e n t F a s h i o n a b l e W o r l d,

I N T E R S P E R S E D W I T H  
P O E T I C F L I G H T S O F F A N C Y.

*K. Barton afterwards*

BY MRS. P. HILL.

*Born. Philippina Barton*



## S U B S C R I B E R S.

Duke of Devonshire.  
 Lord Grosvenor.  
 Lord Rivers.  
 Earl of Cork.  
 Mr. Macquire.  
 Lord Ashburton.  
 Mr. Cox.  
 Earl of Fife.  
 Lord Bateman.  
 Lord Foley.  
 Mr. O'Neal.  
 John Luther.  
 Sir Sid. Meadows.  
 Earl of Thanet.  
 Earl of Coventry.  
 Earl of Chesterfield.  
 Earl of Hertford.  
 Duke of Grafton.  
 Hon. Major Norton.  
 Duke of Montagu.  
 D. of Northumberland.  
 Duke of Marlborough.  
 Sir George Warren.  
 Colonel Crawford.  
 Duke of Richmond.  
 Lord North.  
 Mr. Adair.  
 Mr. Ardesoife.  
 Mr. Hawkins.  
 Sir Richard Symonds.  
 Sir Charles Gould.  
 D. of Queensberry.  
 Lord Eglington.  
 Lord Fairford.  
 Mr. Stackpole.  
 Lord Hinchinbrooke.

Mr. Stawell.  
 Mr. Upton.  
 Colonel White.  
 Lord Cornwallis.  
 Mr. Macnamara.  
 Sir Willoughby Aston.  
 Mr. Byron.  
 Mr. Hamilton.  
 Earl of Carlisle.  
 Hon. Col Norton.  
 Earl of Berkeley.  
 Lord Maynard.  
 Mr. Townsend.  
 Lord J. Cavendish.  
 Sir Wm. Howe.  
 King of Denmark.  
 Mar. of Carmarthen.  
 Duke of Rutland.  
 Colonel Hulse.  
 Colonel Stevings.  
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 Hon. Major Stanhope.  
 Colonel St. Ieger.  
 Marquis of graham.  
 Colonel St. George.  
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 Sir Greg. Page Turner.  
 Lord Vernon.  
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 Earl of Euston.  
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Lord Ruisborough.	Lord Bellamont.
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James Boyer, Esq.	Lord Beauchieu.
F. Fane, Esq.	Lord Say and Seale.
— esborough, Esq.	Sir John Frederick.
Mr. Macpherson.	Hon. Mr. George Pitt.
— Crewe, Esq.	Sir William Lynch.
— Thompson, Esq.	Sir John Griffin Griffin.
Sir Tho. Gascoigne.	Hon. Mr. Boothby Sky-
Col. Gardiner.	ram.



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**A** Preface, said I, after patiently having attended to his advice, I know not how to set about one, I ever had an aversion to them; but, if it must be so, I wish you would write one for me.—That is not in my power, replied my friend.—Nor mine neither indeed, said I; if I were capable of writing an eulogium, and of saying all the fine things that language and a fertile imagination can describe, would that enhance the work, or add one ray of wit to the vague unmeaning page? Should I apologize for attempting at literature in humble prose or more exalted verse, for courting numbers when no numbers sued, what will it avail? Or, with a bold defence, avow the Muses courted me; with melody, enchanting melody's persuasive strain, caught my best reason, and my fancy charm'd? I am still but where I was; in the same state and situation as when I first set out with fear and trembling, doubting the result, and so remains each line.—Suppose you say something of yourself; that frequently induces the reader to be-

come interested in the subject, and prepares their minds to give it a favourable reception.—What, while I am living ! if my spirit had quitted this sublunary scene of fleeting good, that might be done without censure, because I could have no hand in the relation, no passion to gratify, or interest to support ; but as it is, you see the obstacle. If I give a flattering detail, vanity and ostentation are my prompters : and to be sure none will represent their portraits in an unfavourable dress that have taste and discernment to know what becomes them best.—Well, but my good Lady, this is nothing to the purpose, again urged my friend.—I know it ; how can I help it ? If I say, that with a heart subdued and softened by the most tender affection ; dissolved and sinking with affliction irredressible ; pierced through every vein and artery with violent passions of Grief's worst pangs ! Grief, which but with death can be extinguished ! grief, on which my soul would ever dwell, thence feed her sorrows to its latest hour ; viewing, reviewing, tracing to its source the dear, beloved, lost object of its cause ! Will this apologize for the imperfection.

perfection of my pen ? If I say that in this perturbation of soul and mind I was forced to come to town and write on gay subjects, when my own heart in secret sigh'd for dear retirement, there to indulge her own feelings and give her sorrows vent : here penn'd up rankling all within, that room is wanting to breathe my complaints, and sympathying friends to join in sorrow, deepest state of woe ! Three years courted and nearly seven married, to one by heaven and nature form'd to bless that state ; to one whose kind and fond attention smiled oe'r all my days ; who, though a husband, was the lover still, the friend polite ; attentive as before, my company and converse, made his choice, prefer'd and courted to his latest hour. That this dear object of my fondest hope, whose pleasures and whose pains engaged my soul ; where I had fostered every thought of comfort, treasured up my wish and heart's best choice, by mutual love cemented and by honour crowned. I thought it permanent beyond my days, reposed my life and all her objects there. But, oh, alas ! the structure fell, and with it every joy. A con-

consumption snatched him from me after a struggle  
 of ten months. His dissolution came before he  
 had attained his thirtieth year. Overwhelmed  
 with affliction, driven almost to despair, I sunk  
 in melancholy, and was lost almost to myself for  
 six months, nor could I be prevailed on to come  
 to town, until urged by strong necessity to do  
 justice to my affairs, my property being detained  
 by a trustee, until a decree in Chancery gives  
 me possession. I must beg pardon for having  
 intruded on the gay reader; yet trust, having  
 wrote thus circumstanced, I shall find some in-  
 dulgence from the good, great, and benevolent;  
 whose patience I should tire, were I to relate  
 half the disagreeable incidents that have una-  
 voidably surrounded me during my prosecuting  
 the subsequent subjects. The Spectator, altho'  
 frequently embarrassed, found not half the em-  
 peachments I have felt during my residence in  
 the houses of others. In one apartment, where  
 I flattered myself to have tranquility and ease,  
 because the family consisted only of an old lady,  
 a clergyman's widow, her maid, two cats and a  
 lap-dog. I was disappointed; for having a fa-  
 vourite

yourite spaniel, which Mr. Hill desired I would  
 never part from, who would be master over the  
 reptile family, the old lady so often besieged the  
 doors of my apartments with her complaints,  
 that I was obliged to remove with much preci-  
 pitation.—At another, where an indisposition  
 confined me to my chamber, hearing somebody  
 in the adjoining dining-room, when I had sent  
 my servant of a message, I enquired who was  
 there ; not being answered, I stepped out of bed  
 and looked through the key-hole, when to my  
 no small astonishment, I detected the mistress of  
 the house taking away the furniture, which at  
 first alarm'd me, but recollecting that this same  
 woman had before reported in the neighbour-  
 hood that she had been robbed, in a manner  
 quite incredible, I guessed her motive, and re-  
 treated from a house, where there was every  
 reason to believe that the mistress made a prac-  
 tice of robbing herself.—At a third I was per-  
 secuted to such extreme, with civility, that, to  
 avoid being importuned, I have often stolen in  
 and out with as much precaution as a spy in a fo-  
 reign country, to prevent detection ; but this did  
 not

not exempt me from intrusion ; for if I was not seen, messages and personal visits were sure to follow, with expressions of concern for my health, that I must be dull and low for want of company, when they knew my positive orders to admit none. Thus have my best ideas been separated, or lost perhaps for ever. The newborn favourites of my Muse's choice, the infant offspring of my fancy's will, whose tender frames, scarce form'd, unable to sustain the rude approach, have shrunk affrighted on their parent throne. But censure will say, true genius defies all obstacles. I grant it : like true courage, it will attempt to surmount all difficulties. But, as the battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift, neither can the strongest genius, under oppression and perpetual interruptions, display that sentiment, with union, nerve, brilliancy, and all the charming requisites to win applause, which in a retired and peaceful situation, it might with ease and pleasure perform. What then are my pretensions to please, who have scarcely had terra firma whereon to repose my writing-desk secure from interruption ?



interruption ? and all that have had any intercourse with the Muses know their timidity ; but the kind indulgence of the generous sympathizing noble and humane will support my weak talents, since their prompter is Nature, and Virtue their guide. Thus sanctioned, what can I fear ? Nothing ? but hope every thing ; even that my future subjects may be enriched with idea, and at length grow permanent in power, sweet by novelty, graced with the flower of beauty and truth ; which is the summit of my terrestrial desire ; for nothing is so charming and regaling to me, as courting and finding the lovely Muse in the sylvan scene ; except the honor and happiness of being sanctioned by those distinguished and brilliant characters, whose names, in the list of my Subscribers, speak the benignity of their hearts, in condescending to patronize my widowed Muse ; who am,

with profound respect,

their most obedient humble servant,

P. HILL.

1977-1978

1911

2000

PURSUIITS AND AMUSEMENTS

Of some Part of the

Present FASHIONABLE WORLD.



## PURSUIITS AND AMUSEMENTS.

VARIOUS pursuits th' inconstant chuse,  
How hard the task such to amuse,  
For what they like and love to day,  
The morrow flights and throws away.  
No standard of perfection guides,  
Or choice select, their will decides.  
Just as their passions ebb and flow,  
They only pain and pleasure know ;  
Tost on that wild impetuous tide,  
Dead calms or tempests e'er preside,  
No charming gales with a smooth sea,  
Can tempt their sails—'tis phrenzy's glee.  
Their bark directs, no destin'd port,  
Unfurl, set sail, for Pleasure's Court ;  
Th' impatient Admir'l thus commands,  
The crew obey, his vessel strands,  
The flatt'ring prospect soon is oe'r,  
His boats scarce bring him back to shore ;  
But had he like the wise and great,  
With caution steer'd and proper freight,

The wished for haven he had gain'd,  
 Nor been with disappointment pain'd.  
 Those who know well their time to spend,  
 Adopt each hour for some good end,  
 Sloth their sweet moments ne'er enthrall,  
 Nor with his leaden scepters gall.  
 'Tis proper, life improvement's plan  
 Supports, exalts, and speaks the man,  
 Such with the morn, for study rise,  
 In arts and science early wise,  
 Vers'd in the great historic page,  
 Planning the welfare of the age,  
 Or metaphysics deep to trace,  
 Her intellectual joys embrace;  
 Amusement in employment's found,  
 Health, wealth, true pleasures here abound.  
 Since for pursuits all sure were made,  
 The man of fashion, as of trade,  
 Tho' different schemes their stations have,  
 An active life alike they crave.—  
 Pray ladies dread not to be told,  
 That indolence will make you old,  
 E'en in youth will start your fears,  
 And bring the languor of old years.

But



But exercise will make you gay,  
 Turn your December into May;  
 The sickly, pale, consumptive face;  
 With lovely tinge of roses grace;  
 While gaiety of heart you'll share,  
 With spirits volatile as air,  
 From hip and vapour ever clear.

Among the great and good we find,  
 The brightest patterns for mankind.  
 Time hangs not heavy on their hands  
 Whose grand achievements record stands.  
 The sage the virtuous so pursue—  
 We must admire the more we view.  
 But some mad folly ne'er will shun,  
 Till by experience forc'd to run.  
 At two perhaps they'r up and drest,  
 But this depends on the night's rest.—  
 A slight repast of breakfast made,  
 Not visible to men of trade.—  
 Unless to Mr. Sharp the Jew—  
 He brings the cash—John has his que,  
 Their horses wait till very late,  
 Attendance keeping at each gate.

}

But

But few will ride this foggy day,  
 The Peers in town ;—perhaps we may—  
 'Tis now too late—'tis almost four—  
 St. James's-street, tis just the hour.—  
 Besides, his lady is at home,  
 That won't detain his lordship long.  
 The time is past to prance High-Park—  
 That can't be pleasant in the dark.  
 Here they come !—my lady's carriage,  
 Levity adorns their marriage,  
 Easy indist'rence on each side,  
 Prevents disputes that oft divide  
 The fonder pair, for what we love,  
 Our taste, our reason, will approve.  
 We cannot willingly resign,  
 Pride, *feelings*, wishes, *all* combine ;  
 Still to contend and struggle keep,  
 That none our chosen good may reap.  
*Feelings* too nice are not the *ton*.—  
 Nothing so vulgar coarse and wrong.—  
 Nature and fashion e'er at strife,  
 Like an ill couple ;—man and wife,  
 Discordant sounding their complaints,  
 Though Fashion triumphs, *Nature* faints.

Yet

Yet when recovered makes her claim  
 For places, precedence and fame.—  
 Let's trace my lord and lady now ;  
 His lordship's making there his bow,  
 To who? to whom ! oh ! Miss La Belle !  
 Her name 'tis needless here to tell.—  
 His horses stop, my lord descends,  
 To ma'am his arm most ready lends,  
 And to some place no doubt of fame,  
 In fancied raptures leads the dame.  
 My lady passes, gives a nod,  
 My lord affects to feel the rod.  
 To save appearance he makes a sign,  
 But knows his dear likes best to chime  
 In concert—with the spouse polite—  
 Fits only cats to scratch and fight.  
 What brought her ladyship so near ?  
 The fam'd hotel.—This is not clear.  
 An explanation who need have,  
 When her own spouse this did not crave.  
 The colonel too was in the coach,  
 And dines with them,—to broach  
 Some bottles of the choicest wine:  
 My lady now full drest, divine,

Graces

Graces the table, while her wit,  
 In splendid fallies nicely hit  
 Their taste and fancies. Mirth, delight,  
 Good humour reigns, and all seems right,  
 But other company come in,  
 And cards they eagerly begin.  
 Here we will leave them and pursue,  
 An earlier set, mark what they do.  
 Those who would health and wealth obtain,  
 From pleasure's banquet will refrain.  
 Some choose the middle path to steer,  
 Restrain'd by avarice or fear;  
 But folks of rank must act alike,  
 If at high fashion's laws they strike;  
 Her power prevalent stamps the rules,  
 And sanction gives sometimes to fools.  
 From twelve till two Hyde-Park's the thing,  
 But not to drone it round the Ring,  
 With spirits flat, dejected, low,  
 Just as the horses please to go;  
 But full of life, brisk, rapid, gay—  
 Like France alert, in this our day,  
 Some on fine steeds full-gallop ride;  
 Others their shabby ponies guide;

While

While some alight t'escort the fair,  
 To join in smart talk all their care ;  
 While in the gardens gay ones stroll,  
 The old in carriages still roll—  
 But who are those just coupled out,  
 At which his Grace makes such a rout ?  
 'Tis Lord and Lady Mary sure---  
 The Duke we know she can't endure---  
 My Lord hath got the knack to please---  
 His Grace can only talk and tease---  
 No beauty will my Lord admit :  
 This wants an air, that's void of wit ;  
 Too plump and clumsy, fair or brown ;  
 That skeleton will fright the town.  
 My Lord declares all void of taste---  
 Gries, had they Lady Mary's face,  
 By heavens the world would all adore !  
 Oh ! fie, you flatter ; say no more.  
 Sweet Lady Mary quick replies,  
 With soft approbance in her eyes,  
 This charm for ever will subdue,  
 Though storms and quicksands are in view.  
 What does your Lady-ship to-day ?  
 I go to see sweet Siddons play.

And is your party quite complete ?  
 May I presume to ask a seat ?  
 Yes, you may come, for you there's room ;  
*You may, you may* indeed, presume.  
 Oh ! was I in another place,  
 That soft white hand I would enchain,  
 Grateful replies the admiring man :  
 But to tell all is not my plan.  
 The Duke no longer can refrain,  
 This tête-a-tête gives him such pain ;  
 Then instant spurs his grey mare's side,  
 While other nobles with him ride,  
 He joins the lady in a trice,  
 And spoils the converse, now so nice.  
 What interrupted, cruel fate !  
 How does your Ladyship ? Your Grace, I hate  
 That horse you ride, when near  
 It so possesses me with fear.  
 But this rebuke his Grace can stand,  
 Ne'er minds the laugh but heads the band ;  
 Keeps at her side, while she, in spite,  
 Full canter rides till out of sight.  
 But, soft ! the Queen of all the fair  
 On horseback comes, the nobles stare,

Give



Give way, attentive to her pace,  
 For all respect and love her Grace;  
 So good, so beautiful and meek,  
 'Tis rhapsody to hear her speak;  
 So courteous, affable and free;  
 The very soul of quality  
 Through all her actions breaths an air  
 That proves superior virtues there.  
 Her handsome steed pleas'd with her freight,  
 Express'd in brisk and nimble gait,  
 Glad with her mistress ambles on,  
 And with her all the nobles come,  
 Except a few by coughs restrain'd,  
 Which they in pleasure's round have gain'd.  
 Still, still they love, but 'tis in vain,  
 Oppress'd by asthmas, age, and pain;  
 The Rotten-row \* they may fill up;  
 The cordial drop hath left their cup.  
 But time is past, 'tis two o'clock!  
 Now all in groups returning flock.  
 The coach or light phaeton takes,  
 I mean the ladies, not the rakes;  
 Though Pope indeed, with venom'd dart,  
 Said, ev'ry woman was at heat

\* Name given to the row in Hyde-Park.

A rake"—What could Pope mean ? for he,  
 Ne'er married, no judge could be.  
 Wives only characters can stamp,  
 Others are seen through a false lamp ;  
 Perhaps or through deception's veil,  
 Which half their beauties may conceal.  
 Ladies I trust I have your vote  
 That Pope was wrong, whom none shall quote.  
 St. James's-Street is next the place,  
 Where beaux and belles each other chase.  
 Some in soft negligence move on,  
 While others rapidly are wrong.  
 What is so shocking impolite  
 As a fine lady full of spite !  
 Alarming all beholders near——  
 Herself divested of all fear——  
 Slashing the horses like a man——  
 Apeing the coachman all she can.  
 'Tis yet too early here to stay——  
 Some in the Mall pass time away ;  
 At Stable-Yard their entrance make——  
 Others the round through Horseguards take.  
 Some gentlemen on horseback choose  
 The street awhile, just to amuse ;

Or

Or to the gaming-table stroll,  
 Make bets for thousand down the roll.  
 The game is lost, the gold is won—  
 This is a fine polite young man !  
 Remarks his knowing, winning Grace ;  
 No blackball must his name efface.  
 The Ladies make a round or two—  
 Stop at the shops new things to view—  
 In phaetons make friendly calls  
 To leave their cards ; this none enthral,  
 The compliment is paid with ease.  
 To waste sweet time with those that tease  
 Taste will avoid, the gay beaumonde  
 Hath choice select by fashion own'd—  
 Or at an auction kill an hour,  
 Purchase fam'd Hector—or a flower.  
 The auctioneer hath so much art,  
 His eloquence must reach the heart.  
 Behold that painting now, he cries,  
 The child will from the canvas rise !  
 It breaths, it leaps into your arms !  
 Can you resist the infant's charms ?  
 'Tis going for ten—another pound—  
 But just in time—'twas near knock'd down—

Eleven

Eleven guineas—fie! oh, fie!  
 Ladies, this picture you should buy.  
 In better light when by you plac'd,  
 'Tis just the piece to prove your taste;  
 Superlatively fine and grand,  
 Pre-eminence it will command.  
 Your generosity now shew;  
 Shall I say fifty?—it will go.  
 Superbly done, magnificent, complete,  
 The master-piece of art!—quite neat.  
 The Ladies now just think of home  
 To dress for dinner, then to roam.  
 St. James's-street is full again;  
 To look and love who can refrain?  
 But, a-propos, I just must name  
 The fruits and jelly-shops of fame.  
 Here's K—lly's, B—t—y's, and W—ltj—'s,  
 Print, pamphlet shops, with fresh nosegays:  
 Where all the handsome, gay, sweet beaux  
 Of highest quality repose,  
 Chat with the mistress or her maid——  
 Old B—t—y sly keeps all her trade;  
 Herself supplying their demands,  
 Ever attentive ready stands.

But,

But, for a moment let's suppose  
 My Lord or Duke hath warm'd his nose,  
 Hath eat his fruit and drank his jelly,  
 Quite refresh'd, no longer chilly,  
 Comes to the window gazing through,  
 While B-tt-y tells them who they view,  
 Well vers'd in subjects old and new ;  
 Mean, artful, cunning, low, ill-bred,  
 Yet bold with sanction so high feed ;  
 Complete with practice plays her game—  
 Grown old, too callous now for shame,  
 Still she's protected by the great ;  
 As p-ndr-ss, and in course, of weight.  
 If a fair stranger passes by,  
 She's dogg'd and watch'd by some old spy—  
 Intelligence of every kind  
 She can procure, for this design'd.  
 That's a fine woman, cries my Lord,  
 Pray is she of the town a ward ?  
 P—tt rears her head and shews her neck,  
 Like an old hen that's going to peck ;  
 I think she is, makes quick reply—  
 Follow her close, you can but try,

The

The opportunity's your own——  
 What do you risk?—she's all alone.  
 Falt'ring my Lord the fair pursues——  
 But to say more suits not my muse.  
 Yet, to do justice to the young,  
 They all avoid this harridan.  
 A few old beaus resort there still,  
 Their vacancy of time to kill.  
 The Ladies, though in morning dress,  
 Their native beauties still possess.  
 The Lords and Gentlemen stroll here  
 Till all the charmers disappear :  
 Their horses too attendance keep,  
 Parading all so fine and sleek——  
 The noblest creatures of the brutes  
 As use or ornament best suits,  
 For man subserviently are train'd,  
 Whose gentle treatment they have gain'd.  
 I from my window some can view,  
 Mark their addresses, with what goût  
 They pay their court to who, and why  
 If only pride to gratify  
 'Tis a fine pompous bow in form.  
 If friendship prompts, the hands more warm



In union join, as if design'd  
 To prove the zeal that links each mind.  
 If courtesy is only sought,  
 The hat is mov'd with after-thought,  
 As if Mem'ry had been gadding  
 With Miss Novelty or M-d-n,  
 Forgetful of familiar friends;  
 But recollection makes amends.  
 If undeck'd merit passes by,  
 A careless nod without an eye  
 The fool contemptuously drops——  
 'Tis not of gentlemen but fops  
 I speak—for men of rank and sense,  
 Ever polite, avoid offence.  
 If Love, Almighty Love incite!  
 All is emotion, all delight;  
 The soul is zealously employ'd  
 With looks and actions never cloy'd:  
 A gentle pressure of the hand,  
 If circumstance may this command,  
 Is ne'er omitted, for the heart,  
 By Love subdu'd, would all impart,  
 Yet is restrain'd by hopes and fears;  
 For what it loves it still reveres.

All opportunities improve,  
 Too short is life with those we love.  
 From morning scenes and streets retir'd,  
 The quality are now attir'd.  
 Variety in dress and *gout*  
 With splendid elegance you view.  
 A lovely symetry of taste  
 Ever denote the good and chaste——  
 The modest, charming, neat and plain,  
 With men of sense will pref'rence gain——  
 A dress well suited to the shape  
 Best shows the form without a cape;  
 Indeed, when shoulders are too high,  
 Or one the other would outvie,  
 This ornament a sanction proves,  
 To hide the prominence that loves  
 Attention ever will avoid——  
 Deformity must not preside  
 O'er *taste* or *nature*; both should reign  
 In mutu'l state, honour to gain.  
 Fine taste with nature will unite,  
 Whose elegance and ease delight,

Save

Save them whom both have e'er disown'd,  
That ape the real true beaumonde,  
But ne'er with them can set enthron'd. }  
Full dress'd, what next is to be done?  
Plays, Operas, Concerts have the run——  
Partie carre or tête-a-tête,  
Cards, supping, toying, dancing late,  
Till morning ushers in the day,  
And even then continue play.  
I blush to own I've done the same,  
Caught with the lure of fashion's flame.  
And fleeting time flows on apace,  
While all at something join the race—— }  
They that would win will time embrace.  
Pre-eminence of good to gain,  
And copy after those that reign,  
The prize how great! in strict reality,  
'Tis nothing less than immortality.  
Enough of dissipation hath been said——  
Let not the good and virtuous be dismay'd.  
The Muse hath characters in store, whose fame  
Will the whole train of vice and folly shame.

D a

Great

Great M-nt-gu, whose charity extends  
 Unlimited ; the lame, the blind befriends ;  
 The sick and weak, the stranger all forlorn,  
 If their distresses are to him but borne,  
 His Grace with soft compassion quick relieves—  
 To all their wants immediate succour gives.  
 Like heaven, his bounty no distinction knows,  
 Nor scanty rules prescribe whoever goes ;  
 It is enough their misery prevails——  
 His ready blessing keenest sorrow heals.  
 Not charity alone his name enshrines,  
 Though Queen of Virtues, with whose suit entwines  
 Almost the whole of excellence supreme——  
 Thence pity ! mercy ! peace ! their radiance beam.  
 His great affection, constant, kindest care,  
 Towards his Dutcheſs, language can't declare.  
 His love ſo cheriſh'd bloom'd thro' Autumn's chill  
 And did in Winter's ſtorms with ardour thrill.  
 With admiration oft I've ſtopt to gaze,  
 When I have met them in their open chaiſe ;  
 There ſweet attention viſibly reign'd,  
 As if the ſpring of youth the flame maintain'd,  
 Tho' age had even then ſome empire gain'd.

Their

Their mutual love by friendship made secure,  
 Fresh as the new-blown rose did life endure.  
 Parental merits, high exalt their bays,  
 While filial virtues speak a warmer praise.  
 The lovely Dutchess, modest, sweet B-ecl-gh—  
 His charming daughter with a heart so true;  
 So fond and chaste, so good and all humane,  
 Her parents brilliant virtues well sustain.  
 Possess'd of all the graces nature knows—  
 Her liberal heart with charity o'erflows—  
 The poor, the friendless bless her saving hand;  
 Out-stretching to support that feeble band.  
 Oh, best of husbands, fathers, masters, friends!  
 The best of christians! whose pursuit all tends  
 To sweet philanthropy—where learning shines—  
 Whose glorious wisdom scarce an equal finds.  
 And pure religion too amongst the great  
 Is cherish'd, practis'd, and adorns the seat  
 Of Royal Power—thence beaming far abroad,  
 With splendid lustre all illumines the road  
 That leads to solid joys, eternal bliss—  
 Who lives like them can never act amiss.

Sure

\* Sure piety ne'er wears so sweet a face,  
 As when the royal couple with their race  
 Of blooming offsprings glad, each spring of day  
 In prayers unite and public worship pay.  
 Their royal conduct bright examples yield  
 Of every good—but here my Muse must kneel  
 And pray for inspiration, to relate  
 The virtues that adorn fair Britain's state.

---

\* Their Majesties, when at their Lodge of retirement  
 at Windsor, with the Prince of Wales, Princess Royal,  
 and as many of the royal children as are able, go every  
 morning at eight o'clock to public prayers at their royal  
 chapel, rain or shine; nothing but indisposition pre-  
 vents their attendance. And with such cheerfulness  
 they come, with their royal little ones attended, that  
 stern religion (so called, and once the bare pretence of  
 royal practice, used as a masque to cover guilt) her own  
 lov'd image wears. Here they in true devotion join; and,  
 while they supplicate for blessing, they send benevolence  
 around, making the souls of all beholders with pure re-  
 ligion charmed, and the heart exult with joy sublime.



**LIVING CHARACTERS**

**IN THE**

**Present FASHIONABLE CIRCLE;**

LIVING CHARACTERS

IN THE

THE FASHIONABLE CIRCLE

# Portraits and Characters

I N T H E

Present FASHIONABLE CIRCLE.

**I**LL Fame hath every where conferred on his Grace the accomplished Duke \* \* \* the title of a libertine. That he roves through Beauty's grove, as a professed admirer of nature and the fine arts, none that have the honour to know him can deny. I remember when six women of elegance, rank and fashion, were ambitious of his smiles, desirous of his company in every party, and have often wondered with what magick influence he prevented each from being jealous of the other; yet astonishment should cease when half his Grace's talents to please are known. Judiciously attentive, polite in the extreme (if that were possible) courteous, engaging, and affable to all. A certain distinguished ardour (better seen than to be described) gracefully animates his whole deportment, and makes the beholders become deeply interested in all he says. A visible desire to entertain, amuse and delight, through all his manner reigns. A nice

E

observer

observer of what you wish : happy to make that wish complete. While in company, wholly there a polished, active, social spirit (reverse of drowsy) a meer engrosser of fleeting time and blank intruder on the better sense. His Grace possesses all the excellencies that sanction preference. And that esteem he ever finds. Most exquisitely endowed with taste, sensibility, and all the sweet adornments that exalt human nature, add a lustre to nobility pre-eminently manifest in his conduct. Although the acknowledged adorer of female charms, his noble mind, to sacred friendship and honour true, above seduction soars. No friend hath suffered by treacherous attempts ; no father, husband, brother, made unhappy : his passions scorn to triumph in another's right. Domestic peace, the laws of social confidence, he hath not betray'd ; at least detraactive envy hath not dared to blot him with this vice. Not to admire where such profusion of refinement triumphs, with sweet urbanity dispensing love and tenderness around, would speak a deficiency of taste, and insusceptibility. Cease then "to be surpris'd at what the women  
see

see in him ;" an expression. I have frequently heard made by those of coarser cast, companions of his Grace, while at the chace, Newmarket, or at play, but strangers to his worth and brighter hours, who vainly think to please by boast of merit : but frequent disappointment proves how vain the thought.

Besides, his Grace is single, a son of freedom, privileged to roam : no virtuous fair one is made unhapy by his choice ; no wife neglected to complain of wrongs, or pine in secret ! sad unsocial state, or to some favourite breathe her grief in sighs ; fair opening for compassion's aid ! and often prompts the charitable youth to offer comfort which virtue's rules forbid. His Grace with all the charming requisites to bless, a batchelor remains : happy the fair that fixes him for life ! Perhaps his noble, generous breast from wedlock still refrains, in soft compassion to the lady whose heart he hath possessed, though cruel fate prevents their happy union. His elegance in manner, dress, equipage, house, and stile of living, is brilliantly diffused, magnificently voluptuous ; yet minutely neat. Qua-

lities so rare and opposite are seldom blended. His Grace displays abundant share of both : an air of grandeur, neatness, order, union, with the sweet assemblage of all the splendid graces which form the criterion of fine taste, so visibly predominate in all his Grace's commands, that discernment must trace what owns him Lord without information. The inexpressible charming *je ne sçai quoi* so conspicuously presides thro' all, to attempt the display of his mental perfection, is an art I shall fall infinitely short of ; I feel my inabilities infinitely inferior to so wished for and pleasing an employ.

His servants are proofs of his goodness, by their attachment to his person, interest, and service, whom he never changes while they deserve protection ; his intimates of his sincerity ; the distinguished rank of his selected ones of his refinement ; the ladies of his attention, esteem and regard ; oppress'd merit of his munificence. His Grace is the patron of the fine arts and professors of science, but an avowed enemy to sloth, idleness, ignorance, and pretenders to merit ; and quite indifferent of what that part of the world



world say of him, as there are more of the latter than the former, who sicken at perfections they have not, happy only in degrading or levelling with themselves what they cannot aspire to or obtain.

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Lord Alg-rn-n P-r-cy is an honour to his noble house. His knowledge, attention, exertion, and encouragement of fine military discipline; his order, deportment, regularity and good conduct, afford a brilliant example to his officers, and most powerful inducement to his men, to follow their colonel's morals. The fine appearance of his regiment through the whole corps, that health, prosperity and joy, so visibly reigning with them, the praises of the men, women and children, in behalf of his Lordship, are indisputable marks of his goodness, understanding and judgement. He is not only a good colonel, but a good man; a bright ornament to society; if a steady performance of all the moral duties of a good christian intitle him to that appellation.

An

An instance of his compassion and liberality, within my knowledge, I may with truth relate. A serjeant of his Lordship's regiment having married a woman of some family; who left her friends to travel with her husband, living on the scanty income of his pay ; as soon as his Lordship heard that she was his wife, he immediately sent them a supply of money, and promised to assist them until a reconciliation with her friends could be obtained, or some better provision than the present. His Lordship's whole conduct proves that he is truly compassionate, valiant, good and great, and one of those characters that exalts human nature.

# Portraits and Characters

I N T H E

Present FASHIONABLE CIRCLE.

S T. L—G—R Sure is fashion's boast,  
The Ladies choose him for their toast.  
He's elegant, polite and gay—  
His court with ton knows how to pay.  
Good breeding, sense, and conduct too,  
With justice to his fame is due.  
Though glowing health and smiling youth  
Might make him vain, the Muse with truth  
Proclaims, that vanity with him  
No empire keeps, caprice or whim,  
Coxcomb, fop, or petit maitre,  
He ne'er assumes, nor home champêtre.  
Excelling Paris in his mien—  
A Hector in true valour's scene,  
And honour'd by the Prince's choice,  
Wisdom approving gives her voice.  
Hence taste must rank him in her plan  
The truly finished gentleman.

St—vn—gs

St—vn—gs no boaster, quite at ease,  
 Happy himself will no one tease,  
 Ambitious not of fame or pow'r—  
 Content with friends to glad the hour—  
 Seeks not to win or cheat the fair—  
 His character is somewhat rare.  
 An honest, plain, well-meaning man,  
 Intrigue comes not within his plan ;  
 Although the sphere in which he lives  
 Temptation all alluring gives.  
 The colonel's proof against such charms—  
 His moderation guilt disarms.  
 Though florid health with ardour glows,  
 No wild extreme his conduct shows.  
 Says Malice, what of that ? 'tis plain,  
 Insensible to joy or pain,  
 His apathy, and not his merit,  
 Checks the mad inconstant spirit.  
 But Truth impartial must declare,  
 That Prudence, with distinguish'd care,  
 Hath chosen him, to prove that man  
 May shun extremes and Folly's plan,  
 His person good, and *such* his mind ;  
 Happy the fair that him can bind !

The Prince his virtues surely loves;  
 Who so his company approves——  
 The humane, gen'rous H—l's his friend,  
 Whose goodness envy must commend——  
 With royal amity too blest'd,  
 Must sure be rank'd amongst the best.  
 If saving when oppression's nigh  
 Is meritorious, who can vie  
 With him? in principles so good,  
 His levity knows rectitude.  
 In person—but I must not say——  
 He's handsome, charming, lithe as May.  
 Because to man 'tis an offence——  
 To praise their persons shocks good sense,  
 Yet if I might delineate true,  
 To his I could not give its due.  
 A cheerful, social, manly air,  
 Such as low minds can never wear,  
 Smiles through his frank, expressive mien;  
 Proclaims the dignities within.  
 Careless of dress, yet always neat——  
 With every excellence replete.  
 Blest'd with a husband such as him,  
 Life an Elysium sure must seem.

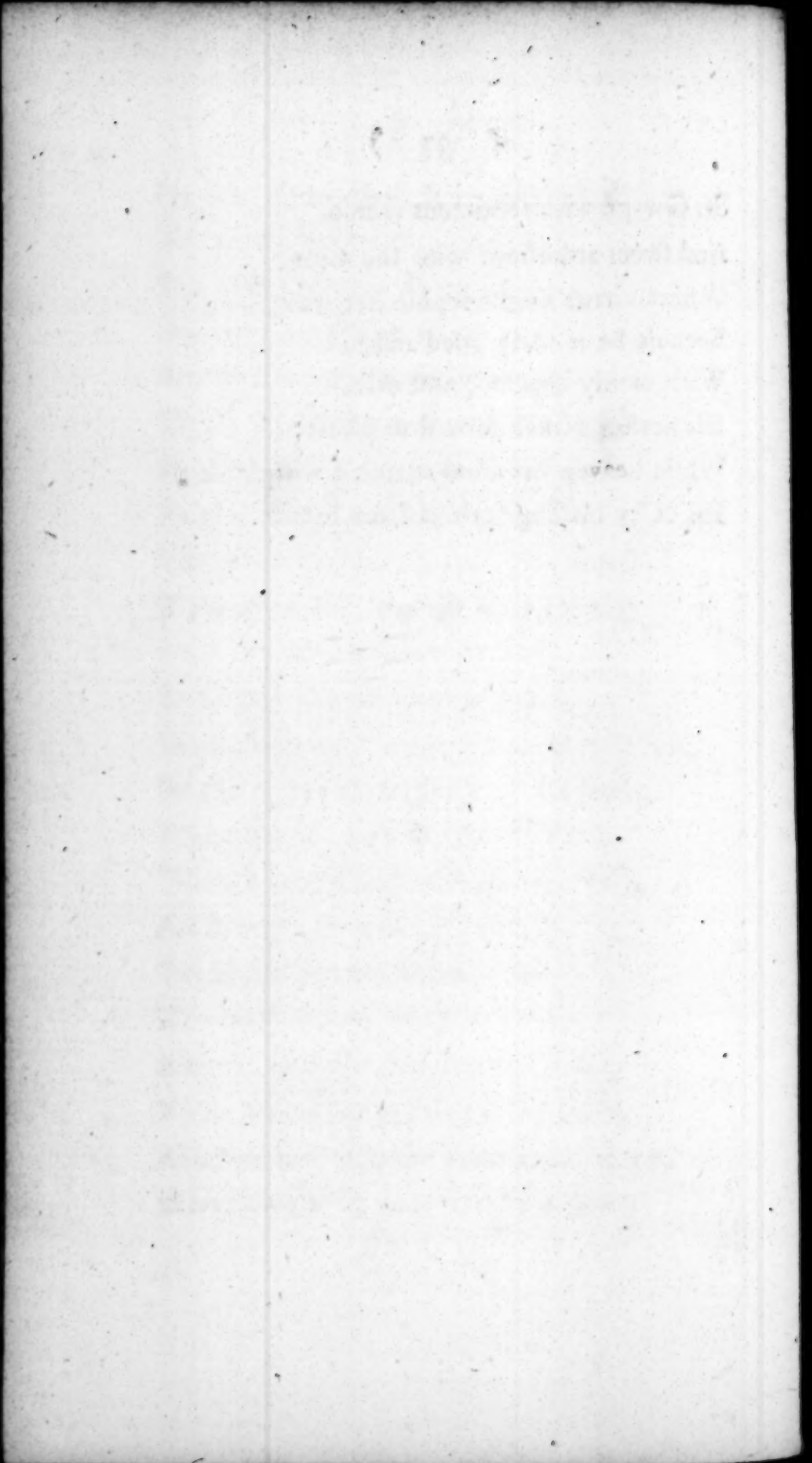
W-ndh-m ! dear Ch-rl-s ! the ladies cry ;  
 Then blush his praise, while the fond sigh  
 Expresses more than speech can do,  
 Though Siddons all her powers shew.  
 So great his empire o'er the fair,  
 That some for him are in despair ;  
 And with eight thousand pounds per year,  
 His person, family and sphere,  
 A lady may expect some sweets,  
 If him in wedlock's choice she meets.  
 P-tt the fond-rover, now reclaim'd,  
 Hath by experience early gain'd  
 The knowledge of himself and life ;  
 Deserves an empress for his wife.  
 Politely kind, indulging, free,  
 What all good husbands ought to be,  
 With wit, good sense, and temper too ;  
 Wisdom his mind benignly drew :  
 So regulated in his plan,  
 With high distinction marks the man.  
 For such exalted gifts are nought  
 If prudent maxims are not sought.  
 He cannot err, by taste refin'd,  
 No vulgar charms will suit his mind,



The best security for love  
 Th' experienc'd man of sense will prove,  
 Rank, titles, fortune he must have ;  
 Honours descendant on the brave.  
 But fortune, what hath she to do,  
 Where friendship, honour, love is true ?  
 His noble heart, above all guile,  
 His person, elegance and stile,  
 With such great excellence of soul,  
 That all his actions must controul,  
 Are blessings not to be obtain'd,  
 Except by mutual graces gain'd.  
 T-rl-t-n the valiant, far renown'd,  
 With honour's laurels high is crown'd.  
 Saul kill'd his thousands, David tens ;  
 But T-rl-t-n's courage so extends,  
 That fame can't number up his slain,  
 Who brav'd the field for honor's gain ;  
 Shrunk not like one, a modern beau,  
 Who said he was too tall to go ;  
 Alledg'd that death he could not miss,  
 And briefly gave his reason this :  
 I'm much above the common size,  
 And can't escape the rebels eyes :

On me, on me their force will fall;  
 My person cannot shun their ball.  
 But to degrade the hearts of men  
 Suits not the genius of my pen;  
 And to do justice to the great,  
 Whose valour glows with noble heat,  
 Braving all danger, pain and death,  
 By glory's zeal inspir'd on earth,  
 Nor would on other terms draw breath.  
 My powers fail, though wishes strong  
 Urge the heroic charming song.  
 St. G-r-ge the fashionable youth,  
 With those must rank, whose loyal truth,  
 Bright as our champion's of his name,  
 When honour calls in action's flame,  
 Though in the field with courage fir'd,  
 All strength by zeal of soul inspir'd;  
 Yet in the private line you see  
 The Gentleman, whose courtesy,  
 Address with fine deportments made,  
 Ne'er boasts that fighting is his trade,  
 Like some of late the muse could name,  
 Who thought by that to raise a flame.

St. G-r-gè with sentiment refin'd,  
 And sweet attention, wins the mind ;  
 Where virtue might repose her trust,  
 Because he is truly good and just.  
 With manly elegance and ease,  
 His person nature form'd to please,  
 While heaven his mind enrich'd with sense ;  
 For ev'ry blessing springs from thence.



P O E T I C

FLIGHTS OF FANCY.

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The following Lines are inscribed to

Her GRACE

The DUCHESS of D\*V\*NSHIRE.

AMIDST th' effulgent blaze of Fashion's train,  
With all temptations to be gay and vain,  
Sweet D-v-n reigns ; replete with every grace,  
An honour to her long illustrious race.  
Distinguish'd in this age of levity ;  
Pride of her sex and of nobility :  
Like queens of old, who walk'd on coals of fire  
To prove their chastity, while all admire,  
Unsing'd, unfully'd, thro' the flames they pass'd ;  
So your fair fame eternally will last.  
If elegance of form with softness join'd,  
And majesty of ease with taste combin'd,  
With goodness smiling thro' her whole deport,  
Of manners *such* as would improve a court,  
Is Beauty's robe, sure you *adorn* the vest,  
Whose matchless conduct envy has confess.  
Most charming fair ! best pattern for your sex !  
In Fashion's circle first ! yet Virtue's text

G

Hath

Hath been your guide ; sweet meteor of your  
mind,

Whose radiance grand hath thro' your conduct  
shin'd !

Your rare perfections strike the world with awe ;  
So young, so beautiful, without a flaw.

In public, private, still without a blot ;

Nice observation cannot find a spot :

The more she scans the brighter you appear—

Inspection but discovers how you fear

To act amiss—so anxious all to please,

But one to charm—your effort and your bays.

Ah ! happy mother, such a child to bear,

Whose education with peculiar care

You must have form'd—her actions speak your  
fame,

In grateful tribute high exalt your name.

More happy Duke ! her husband, lover true,

Wedded to excellence so bright and new. }

Trace noble dames her equal where to view.

When at Coxheath the King reivew'd the whole,

What tender sympathy alarmed her soul !

As her dear Lord to give salute advanc'd,

His foot just slipp'd ; her eyes like lightning glanc'd

A look

A look that spoke th' emotion of her heart,  
 Whose silent eloquence did then impart  
 The finest feelings of her bosom's queen,  
 Lest aught should discompose his martial mien;  
 I saw the vivid glow thrill to your cheek,  
 The lilies vanquish'd in your snowy neck:  
 The rosy tint usurp'd triumphant sway;  
 The universal blush of blooming May  
 In your whole lovely form was instant seen—  
 As soon subsided in a tranquil mien.  
 His Grace recover'd made a grand salute;  
 You smil'd applause, and every fear was mute,  
 Close by your side the whole review I stood,  
 And gladly saw your anxious pain subdu'd;  
 Watching your motions, charm'd to find such  
     sense,  
 And fine sensations, mix'd with innocence.  
 Like an enamour'd swain, I gaz'd, admir'd,  
 Dwelt on your beauties till my Muse was fir'd.  
 I long'd to paint a character so fair,  
 So good and noble! why should that be rare?  
 Because the infant mind is not well taught  
 With knowledge of themselves, in wisdom  
     fraught;

In Truth's dear precepts, lasting source of joy!  
 Pillars of bliss which death cannot destroy.  
 But wisdom, wit and truth, we see in you ;  
 Bright virtue governs every thing you do.  
 Your private acts of charity benign  
 Have blaz'd abroad, tho' you would all confine  
 To secrecy, content with doing good,  
 Ambitious not of praise as others would,  
 But of the act—To comfort the oppress'd,  
 Drive sorrow from their roof, and make them  
                   blest'd,

(Example worthy of nobility)

With condescending sweet urbanity  
 Her Grace most affably speaks to all ;  
 Delights to soften ills that most befall.  
 Domestic merits grace her sphere of life ;  
 The gentlest mistress, tenderest, fondest wife.  
 Constant in friendship, in her love sincere ;  
 All her compassion, none her heart can share,  
 Save him by honour and by love allied,  
 Whose warm affection would her errors hide  
 Had she an ill—but Heaven and Nature too  
 The brightest object of perfection drew

When

When she was form'd, her sex's fame to save,  
 By vice and folly sinking to the grave;  
 With fashion mad, dancing thro' the round  
 Of vain delights, her delusive sound  
 May fools allure, but wisdom seeks a choice,  
 Nor yields to aught but her all powerful voice.  
 Pardon, sweet Madam, my imperfect strain;  
 T' attempt your praise will ever stile me vain;  
 So far excelling my unskilful lays;  
 Your own great merits best will speak your  
     praise,  
 Grace your fair fame with ever blooming bays.

The following Lines are addressed to the *Elegant  
and Select Society*, form'd by the young No-  
bility at WILTJIE's, *St. James's-Street*.

QUEEN of Pleasure's gay pavilion,  
Silken joys and love's dear minion,  
Radiant fancy, choice, and whim,  
Fond caprice in airy trim.  
Adorn'd with all the charms to please,  
Deck'd by the Grace's smiling ease;  
Come with delight, superior come,  
Pay joyful tribute to this dome.  
And with you novel beauty bring,  
All fragrant blooming like the spring,  
Lead jollity and frolic on,  
By all the loves and virtues won.  
For here our future hopes and pride,  
The flow'rs of Europe all preside;  
O'er *taste* and *ton*, whose brilliant wit,  
High sparkling flows and fancies meet,  
In sweet conjunction to refine,  
And set the rules to Fashion's line.  
Come sprightly trip loves social train,  
Form'd to promote the merry vein;

Genii

Genii of every skill to charm,  
 With bliss supreme this circle warm,  
 Bless'd Goddesses of harmonious pow'rs,  
 Let music glad the fleeting hours.  
 Variety of cadence sweet,  
 In strains divine the senses greet,  
 Till frenzy of delight prevails,  
 And extacy of soul affails.  
 Let envy, ne'er their fame disgrace,  
 Because such joys they cannot taste,  
 Since Heaven design'd pure good to man;  
 While innocence adorn'd his plan.  
 Here noble science rears her head,  
 And arts with nature fondly wed;  
 Who shall protect their offspring fair,  
 If taste and rank withdraw their care;  
 Whose sanction cheers the dying arts,  
 When poverty's empoison'd darts,  
 Stab the great genius of the soul,  
 Her fetters bind but can't controul.  
 Th' enthusi'am of th' inspir'd breast,  
 In every scene will stand the test,  
 Nor yield till nature's form gives way,  
 Then to immortal bear the ray.

'Tis



'Tis yours, support the suffering great,  
 Sinking beneath oppression's weight,  
 Your noble zeal all succour gave,  
 And form'd societies to save.  
 Enjoy the sweets that court your will;  
 And *Nature's* grand intent fulfil,  
 Through all *the* mazes of delights,  
 Revel secure while *she* invites,  
 Your youth with sportive freedom crown,  
 Till sapient age boast your renown.  
 Now rosy health triumphant reigns,  
 And prompts to pleasurable strains;  
 The prince of our delight and love,  
 Deigns this assembly to approve.  
 What glory must await your fame  
 Sanction'd by royal virtue's flame.  
 But smiling youth must play her part,  
 'Tis nature pleading at the heart,  
 Her eloquence who can resist,  
 While love and health combin'd assist.  
 To pleasure turning every sense,  
 In sweet career, no guard or fence,  
 To check the rapid charming sway,  
 The strongest passions all obey.

'The powerful lure of love refin'd,  
 Nay reason too, consents, is blind,  
 While sensibility excites  
 The glowing vein to pure delights!  
 But now the muse's lovely train,  
 Approach in supplicative strain,  
 To you they cannot plead in vain,  
 Their blushes speak when language fails,  
 The heart's recesses brisk assails,  
 And there celestial bliss make known,  
 Enchanting all the bosom's throne.  
 When noble deeds command high praise,  
 And glory's conquest powerful raise,  
 Bright monuments of honour due,  
 Who shall preserve in beauty's hue,  
 The finer traits the fame divine,  
 If the sweet muse refuse to shine.  
 Her strength alone can armies form,  
 Begin the siege, or end the storm;  
 Immortalizing with her voice,  
 What heaven approves, if so her choice,  
 The finest subject taste can chuse,  
 Receives new lustre from the muse.

In her descriptive scenes we trace,  
 Th' embellish'd form of Nature's face ;  
 In whose perfections too you find,  
 The beauties of the poet's mind ;  
 But I have not one Muse to boast,  
 My genius faint, and fancy lost.  
 'Tis your kind patronage can raise,  
 The drooping Muse to court your praise ;  
 To sphere's celestial point their way,  
 Your sanction yields eternal day,  
 Reign sweet Hygiea blithsome maid,  
 Ne'er let this circle want thy aid.  
 Those all distinguish'd noble youth,  
 Whose future greatness loyal truths,  
 Will add new honour to their lines,  
 As rank and station age assigns ;  
 The royal prince with every grace,  
 That heaven can give or nature trace.  
 Illum'd with all his father's zeal,  
 His glories blazing in the weal ;  
 Of this all-conquering kingdoms cause,  
 Time shall behold and shout applause,  
 His mother's virtues will be seen,  
 His acts benign will shew the queen ;

When

When mercy pleads for the oppress'd,  
 And shining cherubs rule his breast,  
 In this mild lustre we shall find,  
 The softer graces of her mind.  
 Accept great sirs, my faint essays,  
 Till publication full displays,  
 Each noble youth with his own bays.

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TO A FRIEND.

WHILE you, my Lord, enjoy the rural scene,  
 Where Richmond's beauties on gay meadows lean,  
 And sweet meand'ring Thames her bosom spreads,  
 Soft, slowly gliding thro' their mossy beds,  
 Benignly shedding balmly dews around  
 O'er that choice view of Nature verdant crown'd;  
 While she embraces all the rich parterre,  
 Whose grateful soil repays her tender care;  
 Profusely yielding fine luxurious store,  
 Whose blossoms, flowers and fruits, delight us  
     more  
 Than fam'd exotics; Arno's lovely vale  
 Could not the sense with equal bliss regale;

Where in resplendent flow her tides resort,  
 And sportive torrents deck fair Richmond's court,  
 Winding around the royal sylvan seat  
 In toyful streams, where late the *Graces* met  
 Dispensing through the town a full supply  
 Of luscious fare and dear variety ;  
 Though now her lovely Naiads are not seen,  
 With all the group that Venus, Cyprian Queen  
 Of Love, attends, as wont of old to do,  
 Imagination forms the charming view ;  
 Whose genial mirror glows with all delight ;  
 Where pictur'd joys with real bliss unite ;  
 Whether you mount the hill or walk the vale,  
 In thought enrapt'd, or pleas'd with Stella's tale,  
 Your eyes must wander, tho' your heart is true,  
 Where Nature smiling yields her graces new.  
 Your taste distinguish'd in your stile of life,  
 Superior to the guile of Fashion's strife,  
 Or court contention—you in tranquil ease,  
 And native elegance, instruct and please.  
 Above dependence on a monarch's choice,  
 Sweet freedom you prefer, great Nature's voice.  
 Your noble precepts are most justly wrought,  
 Exemplify'd in practice as in thought.

You,

You, greatly independent, bear a mind,  
 Where radiant virtue with true honour's join'd.  
 Enjoy my Lord the well adopted plan ;  
 For every good God first created man.  
 Here in delight you rove in health and love,  
 Partaking sweets approv'd by gracious Jove.  
 I in this feat of luxury remain,  
 So wills my fate ; my wishes are but vain,  
 A rural life to lead, and improv'd with books :  
 On that dear prospect only fancy looks.

---

### Wrote on VALENTINE'S DAY.

**W**ERE I the Queen of rural sport,  
 Or Goddess all divine,  
 The sylvan scene should be my court,  
 And, *who* my Valentine ?  
 Not jupiter in glory's blaze,  
 With all his pomp adorn'd,  
 Should tempt me from my swain to gaze,  
 Whose love my soul had warm'd.  
 By *him* prefer'd, what need I more,  
 Of every good possess'd ?

*Not*



Not for whole mines of golden ore.

I'd change, by him carefs'd.

If in his sight these lines find grace,

As wrote with that design,

The author soon your wit will trace;

And be my Valentine.

My eyes shall not behold the day

By sweetest hope sustain'd,

Till you approach to bless the ray,

Who o'er my soul have reign'd.

Ah! come; ah! haste, and with thee bring

- Thy all subduing power.

Oh! Valentine, thy praise I'll sing,

For joy will glad that hour.

Wrote at the Request of a Friend, on the mock

SIR JOHN HARPER going to the Election at

GARRAT.

**BEHOLD** Sir John, with expectation great,

His *sole* resigning for the wish'd-for seat;

This bright allurements dazzles quite his sense,

And makes him quit his awl \* and innocence.

A poor

\* Alluding to his profession as a cobbler.



A poor exchange e'en should he prove their choice,  
 His freedom barter'd for a single voice,  
 Which they must have because he's dubb'd Sir  
     Knight,  
 Defying reason, liberty, and right.

---

The following Lines are addressed to

MRS. G A R R I C K,

On seeing the

TEMPLE of SHAKESPEARE in her Garden at  
     HAMPTON.

SOFT, soft, my steps ! this sacred shrine  
 Fills all my soul with awe divine ;  
 'Tis Sakespeare's statue, nature's king !  
 Of whom the Muse delights to sing :  
 Rais'd by thy Garrick's bounteous hand,  
 Who spread thy offspring o'er the land  
 In regal state ; such lovely groups  
 His kindness rear'd, such powerful troops  
 Thy all-creative fancy form'd,  
 By him to life and action warm'd :

Like

Like gems they lay in record's fame;  
 Till soul-addressing Garrick came;  
 With sympathetic taste and ease,  
 His genius mix'd with thine to please,  
 Instruct, refine the erring age,  
 Such beauty breath'd thro' all thy page.  
 Here novel tints of colours glow,  
 Beyond the reach of art to show.  
 So finely mix'd by skill divine,  
 So gradual melting in each line,  
 As if a liquid compound run  
 Imprinting every grace in one;  
 Such brilliant rays, contrasted shades,  
 In beauty's form his soul invades;  
 Like the gay spring, whose varied hues  
 And fragrant breath faint life renews;  
 So thy unrival'd beauties greet,  
 So charm'd thy wisdom and thy wit,  
 Filling his mind with every sweet.  
 While love, with vivifying soul,  
 Inspires, cements, and moves the whole.  
 Sure Nature gave her store to thee,  
 Of all her treasure made thee free.

He

He saw that matchless vast extent  
 Of genial thought thy fancy sent ;  
 Through all thy works his spirit scann'd,  
 Astonish'd at the wond'rous band ;  
 Excelling art and nature's skill,  
 Thy charming, flowing, magic quill,  
 Made all things subject to thy will.  
 Amazement seiz'd awhile his soul ;  
 Enrap'd he view'd the mighty whole,  
 Then with his all-illum'd powers  
 Gave life to thought, and rear'd thy flow'rs ;  
 Gave grace to form, and birth to grace ;  
 Mark'd time, sweet order, rank and place ;  
 Selected parts, by judgment led ;  
 Where'er he pleas'd his genius fled.  
 Diffusing cordial love and life,  
 Specific charm for ills and strife,  
 Through thy unrival'd lineage dear,  
 And bid them to his heart draw near.  
 The purest symmetry of taste  
 That nature form'd, or fashion grac'd,  
 Was here display'd, cherish'd by love,  
 Which malice fail'd e'er to remove.

He gave full scope to nature's choice,  
 Her *best* belov'd, her Shakespeare's voice;  
 Envy to him but prov'd a spur,  
 Pleas'd to be just, defying her,  
 A new creation instant wheel'd,  
 And to their guardian patron yield.  
 All nature felt the charming birth,  
 When Shakespeare's muse made glad the earth.  
 Replete with mirth and true sublime,  
 Where harmony with actions chime  
 In sweetest unity of ease,  
 By Garrick rang'd, in all they please.  
 What but his genius could proclaim  
 And gain thy orphan offspring fame?  
 Immortal as his own sweet bays,  
 That bloom for ever in his lays;  
 Who like thy Roscius could present  
 Thy vast designs, which long lay pent  
 In language, only dead to fight,  
 Till Garrick plac'd them in a light?  
 Whose glories blaz'd to heaven's dome  
 Effulgent, pleading there for room.  
 As bodies of the same contents  
 Attract by sympathy of sense,

So virtuous genius upward soars,  
 And her own attribute adores.  
 He with new form, life, vigour, soul,  
 Breath'd animation through the whole,  
 Deck'd every child with robes of grace,  
 Then gave pre-eminence of place  
 To each, a station suited well,  
 Their great progenitor to tell,  
 While thy perfection he displays,  
 His own demands our mutual praise,  
 Hail to your shades, ble's'd spirits, hail !  
 My humble Muse can nought avail ;  
 To speak your praise an angel tongue,  
 With eloquence celestial hung,  
 Would strive in vain, none but you  
 Can give your merits praise's due.  
 In sadness droops my bosom's queen ;  
 Ye are no more ! thoughts intervene !  
 To stop this cruel, fatal sound,  
 Lest it should touch the latent wound,  
 Scarce by religion's precepts heal'd,  
 So deeply felt when death prevail'd.  
 His other self, his better part,  
 Felt all the horrors of the dart ;

But Providence, divinely wise,  
 A bright example new to raise,  
 Preserv'd her life, whose pious soul  
 Religion sways, to that controul  
 Consigns herself in this retreat,  
 Where tranquil scenes her virtues greet.  
 This sweet abode, plann'd by her lord,  
 She consecrates with firm accord  
 To his lov'd memory and God,  
 And patient bears affliction's rod.  
 The floor now caught my curious eye,  
 Whose seeming marble veins outvie  
 The art; on touch I found it wood;  
 In admiration rapt I stood,  
 Till the attendant told me you,  
 With matchless skill, correct and new,  
 Invented this superb design  
 T' accompany the marble shrine.  
 No wonder such exalted taste  
 In your lov'd lord's display we trac'd;  
 By you inspir'd, his genius smil'd,  
 Your softer graces deck'd each child  
 His fancy form'd: when female ease  
 He meant to show, 'twas you that pleas'd.

The



The willow too boasts your fair hand  
 That plac'd it in this spot of land.  
 An infant sprig, scarce worth a name,  
 Foster'd by you, and rear'd to fame,  
 In grateful tribute for your care  
 Her branches spread to court you near,  
 High soars her head, proud of her birth,  
 Then humbly bends to kiss the earth  
 That cherish'd life, and gave her power  
 To yield her lovely spreading bower  
 To shade her mistress from the heat,  
 With fanning zephyrs on her wait,  
 While Avon murmurs to the gale  
 Of gentle breezes that inhale  
 The breath of fragrant plants around,  
 Who shed their odours on the ground,  
 With joy returning back that gain'd,  
 Which late with good their life sustain'd.  
 Ah! Madam, still pursue your plan,  
 Immortal joys while here you'll scan,  
 And foretaste feel of those delights  
 With which all bounteous heaven requites  
 Such constant, fervent zeal as yours,  
 Whose pious conduct bliss secures.



In Praise of the  
**MUSES, WISDOM, MELODY,**  
 and a **RURAL LIFE.**

**O**H, Melody! thy voice how sweet!  
 Thy magic cadence makes  
 Each thought in harmony to meet,  
 And sole possession takes  
 Of all the sense—with thee each muse  
 In softer grace appears;  
 By all so charm'd, I cannot choose;  
 My soul the whole reverts.  
 Thus, thus allur'd, my reason's caught  
 Where every charm I find  
 To chase the deadly, gloomy thought,  
 And sooth the tortur'd mind.  
 Oh! gifts benign! by power supreme  
 From heaven bestow'd on man,  
 When truth divine (the noblest theme)  
 Illumes each glorious plan.  
 While Wisdom, Virtue, Beauty, Love,  
 Inspire the genial thought,  
 Deign thus the Muses, gracious Jove,  
 And human ills are nought.

With

With them retir'd in lonely groves,  
     I feel poetic joy ;  
 Where Reason feasts, or Fancy roves,  
     Or Wisdom finds employ.  
 Bright Wisdom ! Queen of peace and bliss !  
     Whose lovely maxims teach.  
 That happiness, in scenes like this,  
     Th' inspir'd mind may reach.  
 Possessing thee the soul is full  
     Of dignity and love,  
 Of judgement clear, and skill to rule,  
     With mildness to reprove,  
 Or poignancy of wit to quell  
     The boasting vulgar strain ;  
 Her sapient powers all excel,  
     And conquer every pain.  
 What ill can touch the breast when arm'd  
     With Wisdom's sacred shield ?  
 Whose potent sway in death hath charm'd,  
     Though nature's form must yield.  
 The soul triumphantly beholds  
     Her mortal temple fall,  
 While Wisdom's blissful light unfolds,  
     Submits but to her call.

The

The pleasing prospect hope now views,  
 When tranquil scenes will aid,  
 Tuning the breast of Wisdom's muse,  
 Where passion's rage is laid.  
 Oh! could I live e'en now secure  
 From all invaders rude,  
 Folly's or fashion's powerful lure,  
 From such that oft intrude.  
 With vulgar news predicting fate,  
 Unmindful of your time;  
 Who trivial incidents relate,  
 Jarring the soul of rhyme.  
 Far, far from such let me be plac'd,  
 All bounteous Wisdom grant!  
 Thy gifts I prize too high to waste,  
 For they my breast enchant;  
 And envious time will onward flow,  
 Nor for the monarch stay;  
 Oh! teach me then it's worth to know  
 The value of each day!  
 And if in this terrestrial scene  
 My wish may be compleat,  
 I'd choose a cottage, useful, clean;  
 There with selected friends retreat.

Near

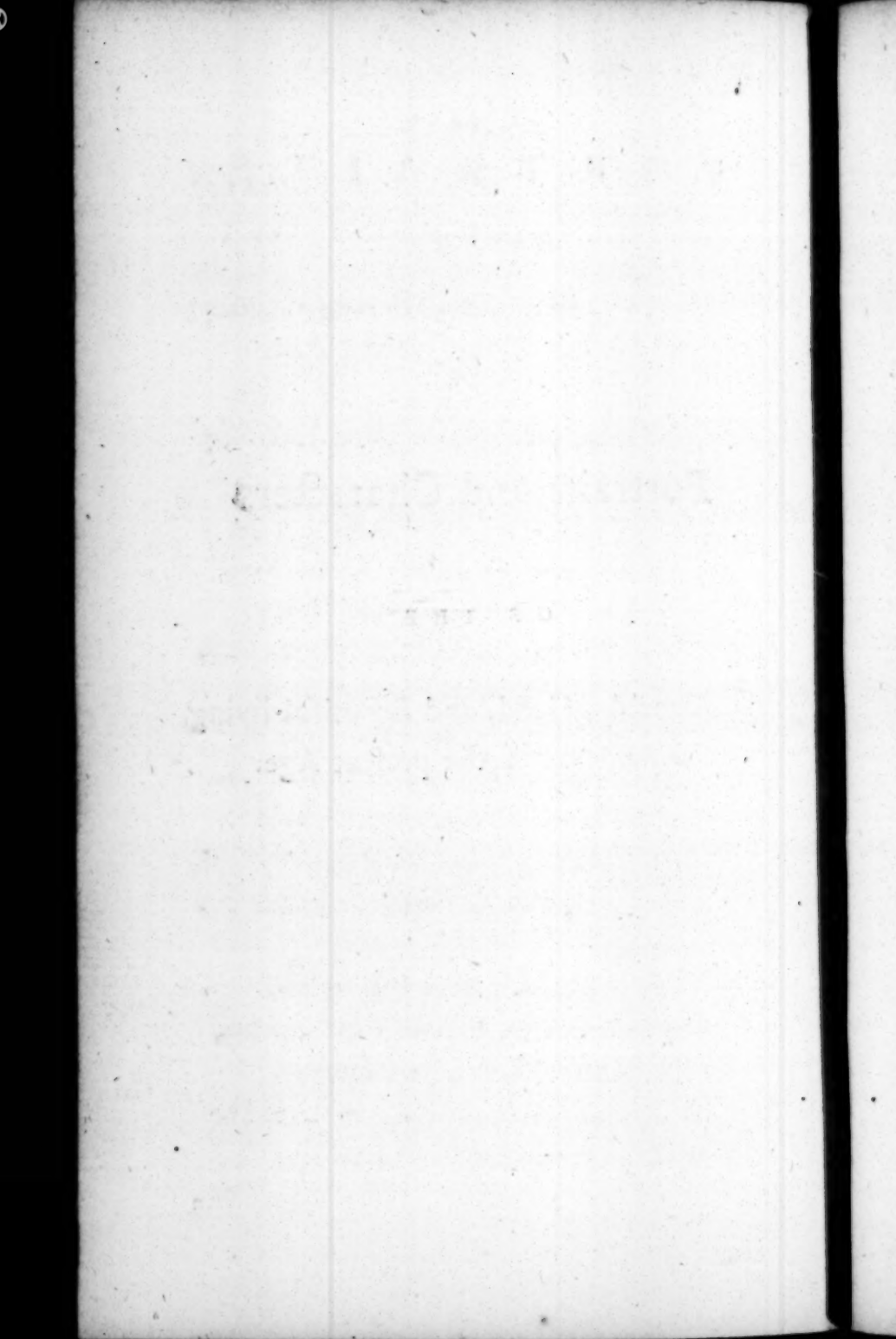
Near a fine grove with swelling springs,  
 Whose currents spread around,  
 And gentle-gliding murmur brings  
 A solemn soothing sound,  
 Just breathing like the swain in love,  
 Whose passion fears confine,  
 Lest the dear object disapprove  
 And from his suit decline.  
 Delightful sounds with varied tone,  
 Which heaven's own songsters raise;  
 Such harmony true taste must own  
 Exceeds description's praise.  
 Here innocence secure may live,  
 Nor dread deception's voice;  
 The purest bliss that earth can give  
 Exists within this choice.  
 For here the Muse delights to dwell,  
 From tumult, pride and strife,  
 Where nature's grace all arts excel,  
 And all the joys of life  
 Invite, exempt from bitter sweets.  
 Hygeia, lovely maid!  
 Gay deck'd in smiling beauty greets  
 With rosy blithsome aid.

The sylvan, joyful, envied scene,  
With Love, Almighty Love!  
Cements th' enraptur'd bosom's queen;  
While heaven and earth approve.

# Portraits and Characters

OF THE

Fashionable, Good, and Beautiful living  
Ornaments of the present Age.





# P O R T R A I T S

O F T H E

Fashionable, Good, and Beautiful living  
Ornaments of the present Age.

FAIR R-hm-nd's form the world hath long  
admir'd,

Whose very negligence such fame acquir'd.

When at kind Brighten bathing she was seen,

Some took her for the real Cyprian Queen ;

But when her Grace vouchsaf'd the rooms a treat,

Such dignity and elegance complete,

Her mien and manner courteously display'd,

All hearts were captives, tho' to speak afraid.

So fine her figure, just proportion'd whole,

That Raphael's pencil, who could touch the soul,

Would here have fail'd, such perfect grace and  
ease

Can only be express'd when angels please.

D-ne-n-n's meekness, blushing like the morn,

Her softer traits of beauty high adorn ;

As sets the pearl, enthron'd with rubies bright

Contrasted—sweetly glowing to the sight

The

The fair, serene, smooth, polish'd gem appears ;  
 So reign the charms belov'd D-ne-n-n shares.  
 Such her refin'd propensity of thought,  
 Satire is curb'd, wisdom and reason sought.  
 She points no fallies, though replete with wit,  
 Lest that keen dart the nicer feelings hit :  
 By soft compassion, heavenly gift ! restrain'd,  
 Fearful to wound, though laughter is obtain'd.  
 Unlike too many which the Muse could name,  
 Who cruel aim their shafts but to inflame,  
 Regardless of the pangs their wit may give,  
 Blush, droop, or faint, so laughter's voice they  
                   have ;

No matter who's confounded, or who dies ;  
 Alike to them, these wasps in butterflies,  
 Whose fair external confidence will gain,  
 In preference to the honest, just and plain.  
 Are Ladies subject to such vain conceits ;  
 What says the Muse ! the female breast retreats :  
 But masculine malevolence avows,  
 That female judgment rarely ought allows  
 To her own sex that can exalt their fame,  
 But envy of no sex, in both the same.

Whether

Whether in irony's bright shaft it flows,  
 Or secretly the seed of malice sows,  
 Their view's the same, 'tistorment they would give,  
 To equal that which in their bosoms live.  
 But good D-n-c-n-n, gentle as the May,  
 Whose soul all purity, like heaven's own ray,  
 Delights to succour, in the act repay'd  
 Of doing good and chearing the dismay'd.  
 Trace her whole conduct, then you must approve;  
 Religion smiles protected by her love.  
 Why should we wonder at her virtues rare?  
 Astonishment will cease when we declare  
 She's sister to the Dutchess, so allied  
 In virtue as by birth, to heaven sure guide.  
 S-ft-n is fine in spite of seeming pride;  
 Her mother's stern profile some beauties hide;  
 Yet she is belle, a finish'd Roman face,  
 In disposition mild, in conduct chaste;  
 Her majesty of mien no art requires,  
 Distinguish'd dignity that awe inspires  
 Thro' her whole graceful mien superior reigns,  
 Commanding that attention she obtains.  
 If in a desert rude her form was seen  
 In coarsest dress, still she would look a queen.

The

The gentle-soothing soul-addressing form,  
 Smiling all peace, no evil passions storm,  
 The features soft distort, or swell her voice,  
 Is R-tl-nd's claim, the Muse's fav'rite choice.  
 Whose lovely blooming beauty shines benign,  
 And all excelling virtues of the mind.  
 In sweetest union blend to add a grace,  
 If that were possible, to such a face.  
 So chaste her conduct, though polite and free,  
 She ne'er receives or likes male company  
 Without her husband or some female friends.  
 This prudence o'er her actions lustre sends  
 So clear, that not a shadow of suspicion  
 Dares approach her fame, whose disposition  
 Like heaven's inhabitants, so free from guile;  
 Her very air and mien with goodness smile.  
 St-rm-nt's a pretty gipsy with good sense,  
 Whose charms like spells and magic influence  
 Bewitch all hearts without her own consent;  
 Th' enchantment acts when she hath no intent,  
 Seizes the eye, thence thrilling thro' the soul,  
 And every passion is at her controul.  
 Her beauty such the world combin'd extol,  
 Allow his Lordship taste that chose so well

When

When youth had laught the round of forty years,  
 To wed with sweet nineteen might cause some  
     fears :

But virtue's basis adamant will prove,  
 And check the raptures of presuming love.  
 The fair recluse, the modest rarely seen,  
 Whose virtues with her beauty brilliant beam,  
 In sweet B-ccl-ugh behold, whose conduct shows  
 That true beneficence her mind o'erflows.  
 In her distinguish'd sphere and rank in life  
 She acts the social friend and tender wife,  
 The parent, mistress, with such gentle sway,  
 All she commands with pleasure they obey.  
 Lovely in person, affable, polite,  
 Where softest grace and smiling peace unite ;  
 Domestic scenes exult her warmest praise,  
 While charity her bounty full displays ;  
 No vain ambition spurs her act benign,  
 'Tis soft compassion pleads for human kind.  
 The Dutchess, well instructed in her youth,  
 Became in love with piety and truth,  
 Made permanent by practice and her choice ;  
 Her whole pursuits are sway'd by wisdom's voice.

L.

No.

No idle hours with blanks record her time,  
 Each moment hath its use and good design ;  
 Her Grace with splendid elegance connects  
 All dignity adorning to her sex ;  
 Such fine propriety observes through all,  
 That ev'ry solid bliss awaits her call.  
 Cr-v-n the learned, witty, sprightly, gay,  
 Pretty instructing with poetic lay ;  
 Fond of the muses, by them too ador'd,  
 If from trite custom's rules her flights have soar'd,  
 Let Envy shrink with chills her venom makes,  
 The soul that genius warms no malice shakes.  
 Besides she's priviledg'd above her sex,  
 Fam'd M-c-l-y says gender ne'er connects  
 With authors, who all neutral should be thought,  
 The boundless scope by inspiration caught  
 Must else be check'd, when female ardour burns,  
 Or the sly prudes will thus condemn by turns.  
 Lad bless us, Ma'am, pray have you read her  
 works ?

Oh ! no, not I—I hear by other folks  
 That 'tis not fit for women to peruse.  
 Ma'am have you ? No, indeed, I trust the news.  
 Bless'd



Bless'd Cr-v-n's sphere above the reach of such,  
 Her feelings save, tho' taste can't say too much.  
 Her fine, delightful, splendid *jeu d'esprit*  
 All brilliant flowing with poetic glee,  
 From one so fair, where all the loves unite,  
 'Tis heaven to hear, and ecstacy to fight.  
 Beloved D-m-r, handsome, fond and free,  
 Whose affable, engaging courtesy,  
 The world admires, all follow and adore,  
 Still lives a widow, envy says no more.  
 But truth her talents radiant must proclaim;  
 Mistress of science, sculpture boasts her fame.  
 Her elegance of taste superior shines,  
 And justly merits that applause she finds.  
 P-amb-r-ke divine in goodness as in face,  
 With conduct worthy of her noble race,  
 Tho' bless'd with charms that all the world ador'd,  
 'In soft concealment mourn'd her lov'd lost Lord;  
 Ne'er told her grief, but modestly retir'd;  
 Virtue, awhile eclips'd, again was fir'd;  
 Her Lord return'd, is fixed: with constant love  
 Rewards her merits, which he must approve.  
 D-rpy the injur'd melancholy fair,  
 The youthful mourner sorr'wing to despair,



Whose tender bosom, lovely blooming charms,  
 What man would not have guarded from alarms?  
 Would love have left her on the brink of fate?  
 Expos'd her youth and beauty? such a mate  
 Becomes responsible for what ensues,  
 Since she was softness all no will to choose.  
 Herself best pleas'd with what her Lord propos'd,  
 The contradicting passion never rose;  
 Within her gentle breast all mildness reign'd,  
 And all the social gifts she well sustain'd.  
 If unsuspecting innocence was sued,  
 By vicious arts deceiv'd, but not subdu'd,  
 Let the betrayer sink to guilt and shame,  
 While fond connubial love protects her fame.  
 J-r-f-y not humble, claims her share of praise;  
 She's beautiful, unfully'd, and obeys  
 The laws of virtue, though in fashion high.  
 Nature for contrast's sake makes beauties vie,  
 With each her light and shades, more strong or  
     faint,  
 Intently draws, variety to paint.  
 Thro' all the charming whole perfections shine;  
 Her pencil never errs, the guide divine

Such

Such just proportion, shades and power gave,  
 He spoke, 'twas done, and worlds of beauties live.  
 Should any censure that my Muse hath chose  
 The frailest subjects as some may suppose,  
 Woman, inconstant woman, then exclaim;  
 Without distinction scandal they proclaim  
 Alike on all that's female, good or bad.  
 If women of great sense are nam'd, they're mad;  
 If of distinguish'd beauty, lively, fair,  
 Though chaste as ice, wisdom's peculiar care;  
 Jilts, cunning jilts, by defamation stil'd,  
 Who triumph when good fame they have defil'd.  
 Cease to profane, ye pest to social love,  
 Nor speak to lessen what you must approve.  
 What have not women in all ages done?  
 Have they not brav'd e'en death, to combat run  
 When love or virtue urg'd the noble deed?  
 Pale fear was vanquish'd, swift as eagle speed  
 The heroines in troops an army form'd,  
 Expos'd their bosoms when the Sabines storm'd  
 To save their lovers, husbands, neighbours;  
                   friends,  
 And peace was re-establish'd by their means.

Examples

Examples many history affords

Of female excellence, where truth records

Without distinction actions as they pass'd,

Whose permanence and lustre e'er must last.

What is more suited to a female pen

Than study of her sex, as men of men,

This Pope affirms, directed in his plan,

" That proper study for mankind is man."

I own my all-enquiring spirits fir'd

With subjects grand, sublime, would be inspir'd,

And wisdom's scope; to know the cause of things,

How this globewas form'd, how to motion springs

Each element, select for great design ;

Why all apart whose principles combine

To make a perfect world ; without each other

The whole might jolt and tumble all together.

Of this I've thought till prudence bid me stay

On this smooth surface, nor from reason stray,

Lest too much light should dazzle her faint ray. }

For bounds I feel are fix'd to human flights,

Though wishes fain would soar into the heights

Of wisdom's pow'r, the mortal still prevents

And mars each prospect that fond hope presents.

Whether

Whether the world from chaos rose to form  
 Just as it now appears, or in the storm  
 Transform'd that at the gen'ral deluge fell,  
 Who can affirm, who of the wisest tell ?  
 Whether fair Paradise the whole express'd  
 Before our grandsire Adam had transgress'd ?  
 Adam, I say ; for Eve, the weaker mate,  
 Had he guarded, could not have held debate  
 With Satan guis'd, nor been by him deceiv'd,  
 Whose falshood look'd so fair she soon believ'd.  
 Careless-like husband—now he let her roam,  
 Expos'd to flatt'ring fiends while all alone.  
 Yet oft I've pity'd his distress of mind  
 Who ne'er upbraids, but still continues kind ;  
 Compassionate beheld her ruin'd state,  
 By tender love resolv'd to share her fate.  
 Yielded to all her will his stronger pow'rs,  
 Tho' future ills were veil'd in those fond hours.  
 Many conjectures have the learned pass'd ;  
 The probable—certain—yet doubt at last  
 The whole, because effects are not the same,  
 And knowledge can't divine how all things came.  
 Yet wisdom sure is joy secure from ill,  
 When man is govern'd by her sovereign will.

Temp'rance,

Temp'rance, sweet maid of peace, is in her train,  
 Curbing tyrannic acts and passion's reign,  
 While her own charms benign their influ'ence  
 spread,

With smiling health and love in gladness wed.  
 But to return and follow my first choice—  
 The good and beautiful must all rejoice ;  
 The fashionable, virtuous, brilliant fair,  
 By heaven's appointment chose to shine e'en here,  
 Perhaps as lights for others while on earth,  
 Exalted in their virtues as in birth ;  
 To sanction goodness, point it to the view  
 In charming forms and colours ever new.  
 Though virtue needs no ornament to shine,  
 Intrinsic gem of worth supreme, divine !  
 Yet oft, by cruelty or art oppress'd.  
 Appears in anguish keen and sadness dress'd.  
 This heaven hath seen, and mov'd at such a sight,  
 Sent D-v-n to put vice and guilt to flight,  
 Save sinking virtue from destruction's prey.  
 She conquer'd, and the palm of vict'ry lay  
 Humbly at Wisdom's sacred shrine ador'd,  
 Who gave it back again as her reward.

The

The boon she wears with such distinguish'd grace,  
 Wheree'er she comes no evil can have place.  
 All virtues in her conduct shine so fair,  
 That tyrant fashion pays her homage there.  
 Gentle, compassionate, so well inclin'd,  
 That all oppress'd in her a refuge find.  
 At bare recital of another's woe  
 The Duchess shares their grief, tears instant flow,  
 Her sympathizing soul for nature feels,  
 Happy to comfort and remove all ills;  
 Her very portals prove their mistress kind,  
 Benignly open, all admittance find.  
 No surley porter with a half shut gate  
 Demands your name or business to relate,  
 With such authority empower'd to act,  
 That *genius, merit, learning* oft is rack'd,  
 When fate compels to call on wealthy knaves,  
 By those obdurate, ign'rant, hireling slaves.  
 Here wounded sensibility must blush;  
 Whoe'er to such could sue on death would rush,  
 Their halls of hospitality receive  
 The stranger as the friend, where all may leave  
 The subject of the suit; attention's paid  
 If virtue in distress to her path pray'd.

M

Her



Her Grace so like the blest'd, sweet comforts send,  
 Succour benign, heaven's and nature's friend.  
 Her personal perfections all must own,  
 Are Beauty's boast, where Grace her skill hath  
 shown.

Hush'd be each zephyr ! calm be ev'ry rill !  
 Celestial spirits come ! support my quill.  
 'Tis royal virgin beauty, blooming fair,  
 Above the Muse's praise ! so good and rare,  
 That claim's a pen by heaven's appointment sent,  
 Half her accomplishments to represent.  
 The graces of her person and her mind,  
 By royalty and virtues bright enshrin'd,  
 To silent admiration awe my Muse,  
 As if profane her royal name to use.  
 The blooming flowery tribe replete with charms,  
 Whose sov'reign virtues oft faint nature warms ;  
 Where beauty sports in gayest, sweetest hue,  
 With innocence delighting to the view.  
 Mark the carnation beds, the moss deck'd rose,  
 Where fragrant beauty variegated blows ;  
 And rich auriculas admir'd race ;  
 O'er gayer tulips bloom superior grace ;

The



The lowly lily delicate in charms ;  
 Or sweetest jessamine's exalted arms ;  
 They separate delight, yet best adorn  
 By taste arrang'd, or by the Grates worn :  
 So lovely her endowments all appear,  
 Whose choice assemblage grace each rising year.  
 Her mental charms hath gain'd such power and  
 force,

That time or change can never check their  
 course.

So kind instruction came, made mild and gay,  
 In tempting colours dress'd, bless'd Wisdom's ray  
 Was shewn at first in toys to gain esteem,  
 When childhood could not comprehend the  
 theme,

Yet learnt the moral in the plaything chose,  
 And thence to higher knowledge daily rose.

Early impressions make a lasting stay ;  
 In age mature some love their infant play  
 As Solomon affirms, who best could tell  
 'That through all Nature's depth discern'd so well  
 Most charming Princess ! bloom of Britain's  
 throne !

Whose disposition mild to goodness prone ;

In

In person lovely as the blushing spring;  
 When nature all adorning treasures bring;  
 Whose youthful bosom piety delights,  
 And bright example to all good incites.  
 Why should we wonder at her charms and worth  
 When we look up to her that gave her birth?  
 Abounding in all grace, the nation's praise,  
 Beyond the skill of pencil or of lays  
 To represent; 'tis heaven's power alone  
 To paint perfection which all the world own  
 In Britain's gentle Queen superior reigns;  
 For while on earth an angel's fame she gains,

T H E E N D,

10 JU 68